

# SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY.  
210 West Colfax Avenue, South Bend, Indiana  
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana

BY CARRIER.  
Daily and Sunday in advance, per copy . . . . .12c  
year . . . . . \$5.00 Daily, single copy . . . . .2c  
Sunday, single copy . . . . .3c  
BY MAIL.  
Daily and Sunday in advance, per year . . . . . \$4.00  
Daily, in advance, per year . . . . . \$3.00

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CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN  
Foreign Advertising Representatives.  
225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Advertising Building, Chicago

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 28, 1915.

## INFLUENCES THAT HAVE WORKED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE PRESENT ASSEMBLY TO MAINTAIN A SANE EQUILIBRIUM.

Happily for the lower house of the assembly, and, if not happily for the house, at least so for the state, the Lyday resolution amending the rule to cut off the rendering of minority reports of committees, has been found to have failed of passage. Speaker Bedwell has so decided, basing his judgment on the absence of a constitutional majority. The attempt to evade the issue fair and square with regard to prohibition and woman suffrage, has accordingly been foiled, though the former proposition has apparently been disposed of. The main point is that other important legislation, yet to come from the committee, is also to have the old fair chance.

And the last week of the session is now at hand. A week from Monday night and the work of the 69th assembly will be over. Forthwith you may expect republicans in particular, and others who have not secured all the legislation that they would have liked in general, to begin their campaign of detraction in preparation for a change of complexion in the assembly of 1917. Already murmurings are heard that the democratic party has not made good, and we suggest that with a week still at its command, it would be quite as well to withhold judgment to the end. Confidently we anticipate that when the work is finally announced as finished, it will measure up comparatively well to that of any legislative session ever held in the state.

Of course, the party has made mistakes. We have criticized it in these columns for what has appeared to us to have been blunders. We believe that our criticisms have at times had a salutary effect, even as far away as Indianapolis. We take just a bit of credit for so moulding the opinion of the house with regard to the Bell board of finance bill as to bring about its defeat. The opposition of the leading democratic newspaper of northern Indiana, was accepted by the members of the house as an outside democratic support, sufficient to protect them in following their consciences without having to appear to have been covered into defeating the measure by the Indianapolis News and the Indiana Daily Times.

To effect such an appearance, or to force the house to anticipate it, especially as to the Indianapolis News, may or may not have been at the back of the great anti-News howl in the senate following the passage of the finance bill by that body, but it looks woefully suspicious. We recall that Democratic Floor Leader Van Nuys spent nearly a half-hour of his discussion of the bill in the senate at its passage, in denouncing the News and by inference and innuendo, imputing to senators who might fail to vote for the measure, a fear of incurring the ill-will of that newspaper. It seemed that it was the defeat of the News rather than the merits of the bill that was agitating him the more. Then came the sudden request from Mr. Thomas Taggart, with the immediate acceptance, that the editors of the News be called before the bar of the senate for contempt—quite as apparently an outside organization maneuver, calculated to poison the political consciences of the democrats of the house against the position taken by that paper on everything in general and this thing in particular.

We were glad to move to the assistance of the more democratic democrats, over in the house, when the import of the anti-News agitation in the senate as seemingly backed by the Indianapolis and state democratic organizations, became so apparent. The maneuver to place the house democrats in a "pocket," if it was such a maneuver, failed at least in part, through our efforts. Of course, our democracy is questioned in consequence. We have even heard from occasional senatorial and organization sources, that we had been "buffeted" by the Indianapolis paper, or otherwise "influenced" into following its policy; another maneuver, we might presume, calculated to discredit our position with the members of the lower house—but why waste space denouncing the insidious wiles and cussedness of such political idiosyncrasy? The only influence we have felt was the influence of righteousness. The bill was killed and the assembly saved from the stain that its passage would have placed upon it. Let the party now redeem its pledge to give the people a workable state-wide primary law, an efficient workmen's compensation act, and an appropriation bill inured with wise economy, and the session will afford a record by no means to be ashamed of.

Democrats are human. Republicans pay them a compliment that they do not deserve when they presume them to be infallible. To pretend to have expected a complete reformation of the world in sixty-one days, correcting all the misfortunes and mis-

takes of all the forces of civilization throughout the millions of years that have gone, is paying democracy a compliment, greater even than is deserved by Christianity. If you could not get some complete reformation from a legislature under the divine guidance of J. Frank Hanly and the sanctified lieutenant of Hugh Th. Miller, surely it is expecting considerably too much of mere democrats. No one needs to stop and think for more than an instant to realize that if the assembly were to go ahead and do the very things that it is being criticized for not doing, these same critics would by no means be out of a job. Most of them would flop like a flash to the other side of the issue and be damning democracy for what they now whine in fear that it will not do.

It is the way of politics—politics inside of a party as well as outside of it—and the ways of the world are a series of compromises in consequence. Neither is it the worst thing that might be, that it should be so. By such process the ultra-conservative are yanked forward and the ultra-progressive held back, maintaining a much more consistent medium and general average, than either of those forces could show if left to exercise their extremes. It is this jostling, combative influence, that neutralizes the tyranny of the majority—forms a balance-wheel within a party, same as opposing parties exercise a sort of relative governorship over society in general.

Democracy has had its fights in the present legislature. Not all of its members have seen things exactly alike. Perhaps more individual independence has been shown than in any previous assembly in the history of the state; especially within a party so sufficiently empowered to rule at will. We believe that before the last curtain is turned down, it will have redeemed its pledges in the main, at least, if not all of them, and that the right will be found, in most cases, to have exercised supremacy over the wrong.

## VOTES FOR WOMEN AND THEIR VOTES FOR MEN.

Whether it would be much to the final advantage of woman suffrage for the legislature to pass the Maston or Rule bills, is a debatable question. It means only a limited suffrage, but suffrage on probation, and might retard rather than enhance the cause of universal suffrage. To say that women can vote for city, county and state officers, not of the constitutional variety, and on special questions, like local option, bond issues, et cetera, is giving her an opportunity to prove the mental there is in her, but in national and state elections especially, it will virtually necessitate two sets of ballots; one for the women and another for the men, which is bound to be more or less cumbersome.

Still it is an admission that woman's cause is right. This admission would ordinarily force a constitutional amendment admitting the fairer sex to full suffrage, but it might be here, as is the case in Illinois, that it will take a long time for the women to convince the men that the original admission was not a mistake. It might be that instead of bringing universal suffrage nearer, it would push it farther away; that is, unless it should prove here, as it has proven in a number of other states, that the ballot in the hands of woman is not, after all, such a harbinger of virtue as has been generally proclaimed.

There is no question about the part played by women of the underworld of Chicago in the recent nominating elections. They may not have defeated the reform candidates for mayor of that city, but one thing is certain, that they did not save them, and this notwithstanding that they had the votes and cast a sufficient number of them to have effected different results. Understand, we look favorably upon full suffrage for women, and we are not opposing limited suffrage for them, that being as far as the present legislature can go, but at the same time we are not prepared to concede to her absolute freedom from satanic influences.

Yet she should have the ballot. She has as much moral right to it as man has, for all that her ideals and determinations may not as yet have reached perfection. You must remember that she has been at a great disadvantage in comparison with man, on account of her not having the ballot, besides which, there is our double-standard of morals that holds her responsible for what society forgives in man, even when both go astray in one company. No single-standard, of morals for us that would forgive in woman all that it now forgives in man. She must continue to go higher and higher in establishing the human ideal of virtue, and man needs to be made to measure up to her standard rather than that she be brought down to his standard. There is some evidence that the ballot aids in advancing such an evolution, not so much by law as by the influence of

equality and in the overcoming of the goadhood of womanhood, anything that counts is always worth while.

It is some consolation to see Indiana, through its representatives in the state legislature, admitting as much as they have. It is positive proof of which way the wind is blowing, and the wind very seldom retraces its tracks. Difficult as it is to guess what the legislature will finally do with the measure, suffrage has finally received a recognition from that body that it has never had before, and a stepping-stone is laid. It is practically as sure as the rising and the setting sun now, that eventually, and not so very far in the future, woman will be given the full ballot in this state, if not through a constitutional convention, then through constitutional amendment—and then ladies, you will witness a new type of politeness running through the cosmos of candidates for office, as they smile upon you, and grasp your hand, and say nice things, calculated to capture your support. There will, no doubt, be less tainted breaths breathed from the nostrils of candidates into the faces of those whose good offices are wanted at the ballot box—especially if they be among the better class of women.

## THAT QUIHOT VERDICT.

Evidently there was something to the Naomi Burnside charges against "Vice Sleuth" Quihot, the recent Sunday afternoon ratification meeting at the high school auditorium notwithstanding. When a jury of twelve men finds a man guilty, the presumption ceases to be in his favor and turns against him. The public was asked by the "ratifiers" at that Sunday afternoon affair, to "withhold judgment until after the trial." We believe that in the main it has done so. Instead of their "ratifications" being ratified, however, the verdict appears to have been against them—against "them" being said advisedly, in view of their apparent willingness to join in the assumption of responsibility.

Anyone who has had any considerable experience in dealing with the forces of evil, and who knows anything of the lengths to which such forces will sometimes go to revenge or discredit correctional efforts, might too, well have been justified in "withholding judgment after the trial." Then there is the old legal assumption, that "a man is presumed to be innocent until he is proven guilty," but now that the verdict is out—not the decision of a justice of the peace, but the verdict of a circuit court jury affirming the judgment of a justice of the peace—it would seem that there should be some public right to grow suspicious, in spite of an impending appeal.

The fact that Naomi Burnside may not have grown wings during her few years of sojourning through this "veil of tears," urged so persistently by the vice sleuth, his counsel and his friends, in defense of his conduct, appears not to have been regarded as fully excusing the "indecent" with which he was charged, as it played upon the minds of the jury. It will be rather difficult for anyone, now that the indecency has been proven, to regard it as the proper line of conduct or language for a vice investigator to indulge in, addressing a girl scarcely past the age of legal discretion. Regardless of the merits of the general crusade, it occurs to us that the circuit court jury has handed Mr. Quihot a very deserving lesson, and that it would be just as well for the administration, for its own moral sake, to cancel further defenses, at least on this particular point.

## UNLIMITED POWER TO "DECLARE."

"The right to establish a blockade is conceded, provided the blockade be effective, but a war zone is not a blockade. If the German government could declare part of the high seas a war zone, it could declare all the high seas a war zone, which neutral ships would plough through at their own peril."—New York World.

Dear old World, she should just take her high-brow notions of "rules of civilized warfare," her "rights," her "concededs," her "ifs," and her "provided," stack them up in a nice little pile, and touch a match to them!

A blockade is something that bottles up the enemy to suit the taste of the bottler. It may be done by gunboats. It may be done by "war zone" scares. Germany declares part of the high seas a war zone. If she declares all of the high seas a war zone, what are you going to do about it?

True, there's a difference between a British blockade by gunboats and a German blockade by sheer fright. But if there is any difference in the effects, what are you going to do about that? Can't you kick out the obsession that there's something nice, regular, formal, civilized about this war?

## AN INCONSIDERATE CORPSE.

An act pending in the legislature calculated to relieve a St. Joseph county condition by providing the means of establishing the legal death rate of a non-resident heir to an Indiana estate, has met the criticism of admitting of possible fraud on the part of designing relatives. "Suppose," they say, "the man should turn up after the seven-year adjustment, really alive?"

Just such a thing has recently happened in San Diego, Calif., minus the fraud. If there was any fraud in this case, the man who now bobs up alive, after having been decreed dead years ago, was the fraud himself. He finds his wife remarried and living happily in Berkeley with her second husband and their family.

The trouble with these Enoch Arden cases is that some innocent woman and more innocent children always shoulder the shame of the aftermath. Once declared dead, as a

result of his own intentional act, a man ought to have the decency to stay dead. The fraud is his own.

## SURE THING.

"The objections of republicans in the senate are in no way in opposition to the payment of reasonable subsidies to make such merchant marine possible," says good, old 50-year franchise John Spreckels.

Oh, sure! And there are a half dozen moth-eaten democrats in that senate who haven't such objections, too. The situation in the senate could only be improved by having Mark Hanna in that crowd, but we've lost Mark and his eminent talent for not objecting to subsidies.

The markets never were better, the ships scarcer, or the rates higher. But, as a matter of senatorial principle, we've all got to pay somebody for taking advantage of such an opportunity. It's the real scheme. It has made Carnegies, and Arnoures, and Rockefeller, and Harry Thaws and a lot of others whose limousines butt up into the gutter, and to ask the American House of Lords to give it up is real foolish.

## MEX. REPUDIATION.

Gen. Carranza's repudiation of the Villa currency is a good deal like a fellow sticking the bank on a draft he's endorsed for another.

The fact that Carranza and Villa were in perfect accord when the latter floated his currency issue made it generally acceptable, and northern Mexico, and in fact, Mexico City itself, is pretty well loaded up with it, consequently, business is at a standstill.

A turn of the wheel and Carranza's currency may become outlawed.

The much despised "dobe" pesos seems, after all, to be the real thing in Mexico.

## PROTECTED, NOW.

The San Francisco fair has a lady policeman over six feet tall, wearing a shiner and brass buttons, whose duty it is to smash the mashers.

Now maybe a man can visit the Panama-Pacific exposition alone, without being annoyed by women who can't make their eyes behave.

The question is asked as to what has become of the young man who once or twice a year used to blow out \$1.50 in hiring a livery team to take his best girl to ride? Well, he now has a grown up family, and his oldest boy is studying the spring catalog of 50 h. p. automobiles to be used in similar amatory purposes.

After blaming the excavators for not digging down that mountain that slides into the Panama canal, some men will decide that it would give them a lame back to spade up a morning glory patch for their wives this year.

An Austin legislator in opposing the division of Texas says it was a mistake when the United States took Texas into the Union. Sure, don't we know it? Texas should have taken in the United States.

Reported that the Germans are using a contrivance on Russia trenches which throws a stream of burning oil eighty yards. Bet a new carburetor that old Standard boosts prices again!

Some men growl because their wives don't get up at 5 a. m. to see them off on a business trip, and then refuse to rise at 9:30 to join the rest of the family at "Go to church Sunday."

The reappearance of Metcalf's comet will now make it necessary for the young people to conduct the usual astronomical observations in company with persons of the opposite sex.

There is already an increase of 4,135,000 acres sown to wheat, but cultivating it may not look as attractive to some men as sitting on a park bench in the cities.

San Francisco's going to have an investigation of the high cost of dying. Funerals cost 100 per cent more than 10 years ago. Funeral luxuries sure do make the money go.

There are some 38,000,000 church members in this country, but if they all turned out to church on the same Sunday some of them would have to sit on the pulpit stairs.

Inasmuch as housecleaning was thoroughly done last year, surprise is felt by the men that their relentless wives feel it necessary to repeat the process this spring.

Killing ten thousand fathers of families excites almost as much enthusiasm in Europe as striking out the star batters of the visiting ball team in this country.

The submarines in the war zone are not, perhaps, examining the merchant ships very closely before torpedoing her. She might prove to be a neutral.

If the high prices of rye raise the cost of whisky, no great suffering is expected, as the family at home can always get along without bread.

They drew a check for \$49,098,000 in Wall st. the other day, and strange to say none of the gold-bugs had the money in his pocket to cash it.

There is a general feeling in the newspaper fraternity that militarism must be crushed, even if we all wear out our typewriters doing it.

Allies' war expense for 1915 is figured at 10 billion dollars. Where's the old-fashioned man who said that war's cheaper than peace?

Both sides have resorted to starvation policies, it now remains only to add "no quarter given" to make it complete civilized warfare.

## AS SEEN FROM THE STANDPIPE

BY J. AKE.

### LINES TO THE STANDPIPE.

O Thou Stately Spire of Masonry!  
At the pinnacle  
Of thy dome and  
Gazed at the  
Reaches of space,  
Couldst thou speak  
The things you hear  
Wind whispered in  
Your stony ear  
Tales enough thy  
Soul could tell;  
Of fierce, of cruel wars  
That reeks of hell  
And makes men fight  
For kings who cry  
Might makes Right;  
Across the seas  
Comes a breeze  
Redolent (Pah,  
Grim humor that  
Word) with blood  
Of youth and man  
Tapped at the  
When life's span  
Is at the flood.  
Enough of wars.  
We hasten back to  
Fill her own empty mind  
This senseless, unworthy suspicion,  
This piecing together of possible  
Circumstances till a non-existent  
Intrigue stands out in the blackest,  
Vilest colors, in the condition  
Of feminine folly which heedless  
People ascribe to jealousy.  
But there is a vast difference  
Between trying to ferret out something  
Which in all probability does not exist  
And resorting to the girl of his  
Which should and ought to be resented.  
The former is suspicion, the latter  
Is jealousy and jealousy is up to a  
Point necessary to a woman's self-respect.

In fact, if Adela persistently overlooks Gerald's open and obvious flirtation with the widow in the second floor flat she is only cheapening herself.

### ESSAY ON MINES.

A mine is a genus of marine hydrod being extensively cultivated in the North sea. Germany and Great Britain are at present planting great fields of mines and a great rivalry has sprung up between them.

A mine is a highly sensitive plant, so much so that if one touches one of its polyps or buds, it immediately bursts into bloom. According to reports several mines bloomed within the past few months in the North sea. It appears from accounts of survivors that when a mine blooms there follows an elaborate shock which is felt within a large radius. Those who have touched a mine and escaped say that the time is allowed to study the phenomena produced by blooming.

It is said a diver attempted to get a close view of a mine in the act of blooming. He took a hammer and gently touched one of the polyps on the outside of the mine. An interesting report is expected when he returns. His hammer is reported found near Brussels where a peasant said it suddenly fell from the sky and broke down his barn.

An amusing story is going the rounds to the effect that a certain gentleman referred to as Uncle Sam, wrote a note to Great Britain and Germany in which he said he "wouldn't mind the mines a bit if they would mind them better." Like a flash each of the two latter made this note nary, "Mind your own business, they are mine."

A man was drowned in a pickling vat the other day. We presume the coroner's verdict was "pickled to death."

We are soon to experience the glorious sensation of awaiting a Zeppelin raid. On the evening of March 9 the city is to be in darkness. Suddenly a bomb is to be dropped in the heart of Michigan st. We can hardly wait to write of our experiences under fire.

No, Charles, there were no tooth-picks at the lumbermen's banquet. You see that wouldn't do at all.

We can't exactly say Switzer is a cheese. Fall, we will, however, admit that he had strong support. At least the reports show that Harrison was completely overcome.

Now really on the level, Aren't we the clever devil, To pull such stuff as that. But still it's done with ease. Especially Switzer cheese.

Which offers holes so pat.

Doubtless Sarah Bernhardt will soon be affectionately referred to as Peggy.

Have a care man, have a care! Never again tempt us with passes during the lenten season. It was only with extreme will power that we restrained from launching ourself at your vitals.

## SIGN OF SPRING.

"Overcoats now selling at \$10."

Other signs—Baby cabs, marbles, style shows—drat 'em—roller skates, saffrairs and poetry.

IT WAS ALWAYS THUS.

BENTON, HARBOUR, Mich.—Upwards of 900 eager twin city followers of the boxers' art paid admission to the Bell opera house Wednesday evening to see Howard Morrow of this city clearly establish himself the master of Homer (Jeff) Smith. In one of the best ten round milling bees ever witnessed in this city.

ST. JOSEPH, Mich.—Homer "Jeff" Smith of this city, had a shade the best of the battle with Howard Morrow in ten fast rounds at the Bell opera house Wednesday night. It was a fight worth going to see and the last round was a whirlwind with everything in Smith's favor.

Das ist alles fur Heute.

## VERACITY.

A farmer in the country last autumn gave a job to a seedy looking individual who had applied to him, and who assured him that he never got tired. When the employer went to the field where he had put the tramp to work he found the latter loitering on his back under a tree.

"What does this mean?" asked the employer. "I thought you were a man who never got tired."

"I don't," calmly replied the tramp. "This doesn't tire me."

From the Sacred Heart Review.

## GREED'S LABOR LOSS.

Twenty-five thousand dollars, at par, of counterfeit constitutional currency was recently seized in Galveston, Texas, at the direction of the Carranza consulate.

Next thing some of them will be counterfeiting porous plasters.

## DON'T LET SUSPICIONS OVERCOME TACT

By Madge Arthur.

"I've got Harry into a tizzy now, I think," observed a young matron the other day, whose husband presents the down-trodden air of a man who will never get up again. "When we were first married he used to be a great deal too free and friendly with girls, but after a few scenes and a few threatenings to run back home, all that sort of silly business was stopped. Now I must confess that he never even looks at another woman when I am in the way."

And the last part of the sentence is most pathetically true. Harry never does look at another woman when his wife is "in the way," in fact, he is so morose and reserved, that he dreads the necessity for inviting him to their parties.

But what he does when she is out of the way!—well, that is quite another story, and one which can be told concerning a number of husbands and fiancés who are driven to a course of retributive deceit by a wife or sweetheart who doesn't know when to be jealous in the right way. Nothing is more fatal than suspicion—the carking, nagging suspicion of the idle, emotional woman, who would rather suspect her husband of disloyalty than find plenty of honest solid employment wherewith to fill her own empty mind.

This senseless, unworthy suspicion, this piecing together of possible circumstances till a non-existent intrigue stands out in the blackest, vilest colors, in the condition of feminine folly which heedless people ascribe to jealousy.

But there is a vast difference between trying to ferret out something which in all probability does not exist and resorting to the girl of his heart, which should and ought to be resented.

The former is suspicion, the latter is jealousy and jealousy is up to a point necessary to a woman's self-respect.

In fact, if Adela persistently overlooks Gerald's open and obvious flirtation with the widow in the second floor flat she is only cheapening herself. If a wife or sweetheart has any real cause for jealousy then let her evidence that jealousy in what every way best fits the circumstances. And what is the best way—say in the case of a man who, while being quite fundamentally true to the girl of his heart, will persist in casting flirtatious glances at any and every pretty face, and of squeezing any and every pretty hand that comes his way.

Chaff—yes, probably a little good-natured and slightly contemptuous chaff will do as much good as anything else.

"Now, George, dear, do try to refrain from making eyes at this lady in the black hat with the red roses," and if you have to pass Adela, give her a cup of tea, make an effort not to squash her finger-tips, won't you? She will be so embarrassed, poor girl!—besides which, as you are engaged to me, it's scarcely the thing to do, is it?"

Occasional remarks such as the above often make a thoughtless youth see the error of his ways, while in more serious cases there is nothing so beneficial as obvious aloofness and withdrawal.

## SOME TYPES OF MEN WHO ANNOY WOMEN

By One of the Annoyed.

Of course, I know you will say that because a man may annoy me he is not necessarily distasteful to you. But I don't admit, for do we not frequently hear an acquaintance say when referring to a friend's marriage, "I wonder what she could have seen in that man to marry him?"

But I am not going to deal with such a man's looks, or even deformed in character, but with certain types of men whose behavior is, to my thinking, positively objectionable. Consider, for a moment, the young fellow with about seven hairs on each side of his upper lip, who looks himself an awful dog, don't y'know. He is usually very thin in the chest and very long in the legs, but he is forever showing himself off whenever he gets a chance.

The first impression he gives you is that he is remarkably "raw" and that he grew up with great suddenness, and he reminds one very much of a bent car ticket.

But what annoys me most is his insane character, an assumption of a highly superior air, and an obvious contempt for anything beyond cigarettes and sport. What he does not know isn't worth knowing. He looks upon himself as no end of a lady-killer, and thinks all the girls are in love with him. He never talks to a girl without interlarding his conversation with suggestions touching the affections, and which he hasn't the brains to see is inexpressibly insulting. And all the time he stands so dead before you, and then on the other with a leer on his face which he thinks entertaining.

He is, in fact, a beastly cad, although he is due to him to state that he hasn't the sense to do so. Another fellow I can't bear is he who never rides a bicycle, never wields a racquet, never plays baseball, never has an idea, never did anything particularly, and never says anything you don't want to forget the minute afterward.

Not only this, but he is forever falling in love with some girl on the slightest pretext, and everybody knows that the next week he will be just as mad on somebody else. He doesn't seem to possess any stability of character, and when you are tete-a-tete with him he is literally a conversational stone around your neck.

Then there is the fellow who thinks himself a bit of a snaz, and forever digging out and raising from the dead some old wheeze that was mercifully buried long before he was born. He is great on puns, too, and thinks nothing of begging you to wait a moment while he trots out some little phrase that plays on your words. No matter what you say he is sure to break in with "that reminds me," and proceed to dump one's spir-its with a stupid story of which no one seems to see the point except himself, for he always laughs very heartily, and expects everybody else to do the same.

There are many others, but space prevents full descriptions of them.

## THE LOAFER.



REPRODUCED FROM THE NEWS FILES OF 14 YEARS AGO.

### A Hard Luck Story.

He stubbed his toe, as he entered the shop, against a defective piece of linoleum and, recovering his equilibrium, jabbed his cane through a small cigar case.

Unfortunately he was in a hurry and there were two rounds of the five chairs ahead of him, and everything seemed doubly delayed.

It was Saturday and he had an appointment at 8.

Finally his turn came and he got into the chair. As the Barber let it down something slipped and the chair went down hard.

The Barber rubbed the lather in thoroughly—rather more thoroughly than he thought necessary, and besides the Barber's fingers were cold and seemed long and stiff.

Well, the Barber was a bit nervous, too.

When the Barber plied the razor it was with short, nervous, spasmodic strokes that failed to make a bit with him. Then, too, the Barber gave most attention to the tenderest and least important parts of his face, and wasn't a bit gentle in moving his face about and once pushed him in the eye with his thumb.

When it came to the "witch-hazel-or-bay-rum" stage, the Barber allowed several drops to run down his neck without trying to dry them, and when the chair came up straight again it came up with a rude jerk.

He was late anyway and so decided to have his hair cut.

A groan and some nasty remarks came from the line in waiting.

It was Saturday night.